The Great Galactic Streak

By Jonathan Olvera

The Sky Opened Suddenly the Halo of Sunlight began to warp around what seemed to be a warp hole.
"Come to me!" A voice called out.

"What is going on?" Exclaimed Muhammed.

Swirling now in a clockwise circle and expanding a Nuclear Tunnel into another platform a force with no gravity pulled Muhammed out of his porch into the Portal.
"Whoa!!" "Whoa!" Exclaimed Mohammed.

What came in was all that remained on the other platform, a Grey Stone smooth and repelling the surface of his skin.

"Oh what the heck!" " I can't stay here, I have to go home!"

The tail of this Vortex now spinning above his head in what seemed like a random result fruited the oddest of all in the personal inventory of Mohammed: a pencil from School, a sheet of his bed, a joint and flint stone lock.

This was incredible! It was happening.
The colors and signatures around Mohammed were changing rapidly on the Flay grey surface.

"That is Amazing!"
"That is Very Terrifying!"
The colors changed from every day colors to colors he never imagined existed. He was changing dimensions.
"BOOM!"

The whole scene fried out .
"OUCH!"
Mohammed felt the grey stone shatter underneath his feet into what seemed to be the concrete on his porch.

"I'm back home here." thought Mohammed.

Until he looked up and saw a Flying Saucer in the air.

"What is going on!" Exclaimed Mohammed.

He went inside and nothing was the same.

"I'm losing my gosh darn mind!" Mohammed said to himself.
"Is this my house?"

"Mohammed, what is going on with you?" Asked his father.
He was naked and a Flying Saucer was in the air.

"Dad!" "What are you doing!" asked Mohammed.
"What the Heck!"
BOOM! BLAT!!
The Noise was heard as a hundred flying saucers were gathering into formation.
"What are you doing Mohammed?"

"This is a nudist community and I have to live naked."
"The aliens are now in control of all activities on Earth."
"Take your clothes off as well Mohammed, they are not needed during the alien invasion."

"Really!" asked Mohammed.

"Yes, son," said Father.

Mohammed took off all his clothes and was now nude. "Everything we will now have to do nude, there is no longer any need for clothing."

Mohammed was very excited by this sudden change.

He walked into his home now nude with his father.

It was a very funny Change!

The sky opened suddenly, and the halo of sunlight began to warp around what seemed to be a wormhole.

"Come to me!" a voice called out.

"What is going on?" exclaimed Mohammed.

Swirling in a clockwise motion, the vortex expanded into a nuclear tunnel leading to another platform. A force with no gravity pulled Mohammed off his porch and into the portal.

"Whoa!! Whoa!" he shouted.

As he landed, he found himself standing on a smooth, grey stone that repelled the surface of his skin. It was all that remained on this strange platform.

"Oh, what the heck! I can't stay here—I have to go home!"

Above his head, the tail of the vortex continued spinning. Then, in what seemed like a random phenomenon, items from

Mohammed's personal belongings materialized: a school pencil, a sheet from his bed, a joint, and a flintstone lock.

This was incredible—it was happening.

The colors and energy signatures around Mohammed shifted rapidly on the flat, grey surface beneath him.

"That is amazing!"
"That is very terrifying!"

The colors changed from ordinary hues to shades he had never imagined. He was shifting dimensions.

"BOOM!"

The whole scene flickered and then fizzled out.

"OUCH!"

Mohammed suddenly felt the grey stone beneath him shatter, and he landed on what seemed to be the concrete of his porch.

"I'm back home," he thought.

But as he looked up, a flying saucer hovered in the sky.

"What is going on?!" he exclaimed.

He rushed inside—but nothing was the same.

"I'm losing my gosh darn mind!" Mohammed muttered.
"Is this even my house?"

"Mohammed, what is going on with you?" his father asked.

Mohammed suddenly realized—he was completely naked. And outside, more flying saucers filled the sky.

"Dad! What are you doing?!" Mohammed asked in confusion.

"What the heck?!"

BOOM! BLAT!!

A thunderous noise echoed as a hundred flying saucers gathered into formation.

"What are you doing, Mohammed?" his father asked calmly.

"This is a nudist community now, and we have to live naked," his father explained.
"The aliens are in control of all activities on Earth."

"Take your clothes off as well, Mohammed. They are no longer needed during the alien invasion."

"Really?" Mohammed asked, stunned.

"Yes, son," his father confirmed.

Without hesitation, Mohammed stripped off all his clothes, now fully nude.

"From now on, we must do everything in the nude. There is no longer any need for clothing."

Mohammed walked into his home, now nude, alongside his father.

It was a very funny change!